

THE
PHILOSOPHER'S
OPERA.

*E tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
Qui primus potuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ,
Te sequor, O Graicæ gentis decus, inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis.* *Lucret.*

[Price Four Pence.]

*Said To be written by
Mr M'Cauley advocate son of
Mr M'Cauley Mathematician*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As it ought to be represented at *Edinburgh*.

SATAN.

SULPHUREO, }
APOLLYO, } *Devils.*

Mr GENIUS.

Mr MORAL SENSE.

The Rev. *Mr* MASK.

JACKY.

Mr Digges.

Mr Ryder.

Mr Duncomb.

Mr Love.

Mr Lancashire.

Mr Heyman.

Mr Younger.

W O M E N.

Mrs SARAH PRESBYTERY, }
relict of Mr John Calvin. }

Mr Stamper.

ANNE, *her waiting-woman.*

Mrs Davenport.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Miss Ryder.

Miss WEEPWELL.

Mrs Love.

Miss SOB.

Mrs Stamper.

Miss PITY.

Mrs Hopkins.

Miss BLUBBER.

Mrs Salmon.

MOLL KITCHEN.

Mrs Ward.

The R E A D E R.

*I*N the Dramatis Personæ of this opera, there are two characters, and but two, which are not imaginary. Before you pronounce it wrong to point out two men now living, you would do well to consider the scurrilous terms in which they have pointed out two men long since dead and gone. Remember the barbarism of Shakespear, the licentiousness of Otway, and that the author of DOUGLAS has been preferred to both. If (as a late writer will have it) the use of ridicule is "not to investigate known truth, but to expose known falsehood," it is surely as properly employed against the man who avers, that DOUGLAS is a faultless play, as it was against the hair-brained knight-errant, who maintained Dulcinea del Toboso to be the most beautiful princess in the universe. As this tragedy was written by a Scotch clergyman; and as it was the first play he ever had made public, one would have expected, that he and his friend would have ushered it into the world, either with a real or affected modesty: but, on the contrary, they declared the play to be perfect, and the author to be endowed with a genius superior to that of Shakespear and Otway. The comparison which this extravagant encomium obliged people to make, has opened the eyes of many who were at first prevailed upon to be partial to the play; and induced them to join the impartial men of sense in both kingdoms, who all agree in thinking it a very insipid performance: so that the author of this tragedy does not a little resemble the frog in the fable, who, ambitious to become big as an ox, blew and puffed himself up till he burst.

The author of the few following pages can't agree with some, who think the little time spent on such compositions as
this

this very ill bestowed. He can't help numbering the tragedy of DOUGLAS, and the circumstances attending it, amongst the most remarkable occurrences that have ever happened in this country. If Scotch clergymen may, with impunity, not only write plays, but go to see them acted here, and absent themselves for months together from their parishes, in order to solicit their representation at London, the religion and manners of this country are entirely changed. If Shakespear and Otway are to be cried down, and the author of DOUGLAS set up in their stead, the taste of this country is at an end. Religion will (it is hoped) be the care of those who are paid to support it. But the taste of the country seems to be in a deplorable situation, being abandoned to a club of gentlemen, who are as unable as they are willing to direct it. As some men of learning and character are amongst them, many people are misled by their authority; and more, though they detest their innovations, yet are afraid to contradict them: hence it was that DOUGLAS was acted here last winter thirteen times to a numerous audience; but Othello (which had not been played here for seven years) brought no house at all. This shews, that the run DOUGLAS had here, was owing to the influence of a party; or else, that the people who generally compose the audience in our theatre, are no more judges of the merit of a play, than the chairmen who carry them to see it. It is certainly the duty of every man who regards the honour of his country, to make a stand against that unhappy barbarism which the cabal I have already mentioned is endeavouring to establish; and as certainly every man who has felt exquisite pleasure in reading the works of Shakespear and Otway, makes them but a very ungrateful return, if he tamely looks on while they are hunted down by a set of men who owe their title of geniuses to the courtesy of Scotland alone.

T H E
P H I L O S O P H E R ' s
O P E R A.

A C T I.

A drawing-room.

Curtain draws, and discovers Mrs Sarah Presbytery sitting in an easy chair ; Anne waiting.

Mrs Pr. AND did Mr *Genius* talk to you in that manner, *Annie* ?

An. Indeed the gentleman told me, Madam, that he was desperately in love with you ; that he would be miserable, nay, that he would die, if you refused to put him in possession of your fair person ; and that he was to throw himself at your feet this afternoon.

Mrs Pr. Fie upon the joker ; he has been diverting himself, and playing upon you, *Annie*.

An. O, not at all, Madam ; what should make you think so ?

Mrs Pr. Alas ! *Annie*, I am not young now.

An. Young ! Madam, what then ? he is not young himself. Young ! why, there was Lady *Randolph* ; I'm

A

sure .

sure she was not young; and yet you see how the men teased her, poor lady!

Mrs Pr. Alas, *Annie*, I am now about 200 years of age; but *Lady Randolph* broke her neck before she had lived half a century. Go, thou flatterer, thou knowest he has captivated my heart; this, this only, makes you speak so, and give the name of love to what you know to be waggery.

An. In my conscience, Madam, I believe him to be over head and ears in love with you. Consider, Madam, that kissing goes by favour. Besides, *Mr Genius*, in his thoughts, words, and actions, has no resemblance to other men; so that you might be his flame, Madam, though you were as old as *Methusalem*.

Mrs Pr. There is something in what you say, *Annie*. O the lovely *Adonis*, his shoulders, his legs, his belly! — But why should I attempt to enumerate his charms? every limb of him is bristled with the darts of love; and would to God I had never seen the too amiable porcupine.

AIR I. Can love be controul'd by advice?

The goddess who sable Night rules,

From Phoebus purloins all her light;

So I make opticians my tools,

And borrow from glasses my sight.

Great Genius, for whose love this sigh,

[sighs.]

Was surely created for me,

His limbs are so bulky that I

Their beauties fans spectacles see.

An. Madam, there is the gentleman.

Enter Mr Genius.

Mr Gen. If *Mrs Anne*, Madam, has delivered that message

message which I begged her to carry from me to your Ladyship, you will not be surpris'd, I hope, at this piece of intrusion.

Mrs Pr. Sir, *Annie* has been telling me of a very odd conversation she had with you this forenoon; but I would have you to know, Sir, that I will not be made a jest of by you or any man.

Mr Gen. How you mistake my intentions! there is not a man in the world more sensible of the great deference and respect due to you, Madam, than I am. Jest! — be assured, Madam, [*kneeling*], that you see at your feet a man who is determin'd to live or die as you receive him.

Mrs Pr. Rise, *Mr Genius*; if you are serious, I am sorry for you; but I flatter myself, you will soon perceive the oddity of your passion, and the absurdity of your choice. The cheek of the town-lady may vie with the lily, that of the milkmaid with the rose; but mine, Sir, can be compared to neither. To use my son *Jacky's* words: — “In me thou dost behold —” “The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.” Age has deaden'd the glance of my eye, overcast my features with a melancholy languor, and plough'd my forehead into a multiplicity of wrinkles.

Mr Gen. Pardon me, Madam; age has given to your eye a philosophical sedateness, to your features a languishing air, which girls in vain affect; and in what you call wrinkles, Madam, I see the little loves and graces sporting.

Mrs Pr. O *Mr Genius*!

Mr Gen. Many gentlemen have wish'd, Madam, for old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse

with, and old books to read; but never did I so limit my desires: I have always hoped, that sooner or later I should have an old woman to carefs.

Mrs Pr. Incomparable *Genius*! I will not use you with the coquetry of a young hussy; but frankly own that I long have loved you.

Mr Gen. Is it possible? Words are inadequate to my ideas; and this is the only way my lips can express the sentiments of my heart.

[*He endeavours to kiss her; she struggles, but he prevails.*]

Mrs Pr. Lord! Sir, you are such another gentleman.

Mr Gen. These breasts, [*putting his hand in her bosom.*]

Mrs Pr. Keep off your hands, naughty gentleman that you are.—Nay now, *Mr Genius*, you grow intolerably rude; I shall be seriously angry with you;—you must wait for the grace, Sir.

Mr Gen. Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons, if the violence of my passion has transported me beyond the bounds of decency.—Yes, Madam, I will wait, and as long as you please; for I am confident, you have more goodness than to make me repent my complaisance.

AIR II. Woe's my heart that we should funder.

If you amuse me with vain hope,

Till Time's unpitying fingers press us,

These my own hands shall knit me up,

And put in practice my own essays.

Mrs Pr. Imagine not I'll use you so:

Perhaps my life is everlasting;

But, lovely Genius, well I know,

To the church-yard you fast are hast'ning.

Let not our interview, *Mr Genius*, end like that of

two

two youthful lovers, without one word of common sense being spoken by either of us : Do you go to see my son's play to-night ?

Mr Gen. I hope for the pleasure of seeing you there, Madam. What makes you ask the question ?

Mrs Pr. Why, truly, that I may have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude. Many of my sons have been greatly obliged to you ; but *Jacky* infinitely.

Mr Gen. O dear Madam !

Mrs Pr. *Mr John Calvin*, my first husband, was a very good man ; but he had his oddities ; and notwithstanding the affection which a woman must retain for the husband of her youth, I cannot help thinking you the better reformer of the two. Many of my sons, some time ago, before they had the honour of your acquaintance, were the most unlicked cubs ever were whelped : how stiff was their style ! how starch their manner ! how ridiculously grave the whole man ! But since they got into your good company, they have put off the old man entirely : they have acquired a jaunty air, a military swagger, and a G—d—d—n—me look ; they swear, they drink, they whore so handsomely ; —in short, they are metamorphosed so very much to the better, that I scarce know them to be my own children

Mr Gen. Your goodness, Madam, greatly magnifies my poor services.

Mrs Pr. How judicious was that fancy of yours to make *Jacky* write a play ! and how inimitable the dedication with which you introduced it into the world ! To *Jacky* owes both his fame and his fortune, and ought to thank you on his knees for both.

Mr Gen. The young gentleman, Madam, is abundantly

dantly grateful; but I beg you would dwell no longer on this subject. I wish it were in my power to do more for him. I must now leave you, Madam, and join several of your sons who are to be at the playhouse to-night.

Mrs Pr. And I must away to Lady Prelacy, who goes along with me to the same place. Farewell till six o'clock. [Exit.]

Mr Gen. AIR III. A free and an accepted Mason.

Unhappy are you

If a girl you woo;

With rivals you always are fighting;

But I am secure,

And morally sure,

Old women alone I delight in.

Or if you shou'd wed

A blooming young maid,

You, as at a cuckold, all stare on.

The lewdest dragoons

Wou'd see blood and wounds,

Ere my marriage-bed they wou'd share in.

And if ye shall shew

Ye think my love new,

I'll do something still more worth seeing:

For novelty's praise,

To make people gaze,

Is the principal end of my being.

The bride I now leave,

Has one foot in the grave;

My next shall be yet more uncommon:

*The church-yard I'll seek,
The coffins I'll break,
Till I hug some dead buried old woman.* [Exit.

Arthur's Seat.

Enter Sulphureo.

What can *Apollyo* mean? he promised to meet me here precisely at three o'clock, and now it is hard upon four. Perhaps he is wandering over this mountain in quest of me. Ho, *Apollyo*! ho! ho! No *Apollyo* here it seems. What does he keep me waiting for? He is not *Garrick* the player, nor am I a young *Scotch* clergyman come a-beseeching him to act my tragedy; he is not a great man, nor am I an old reverend come a-begging some plurality or other, as a reward for my jobs past, present, and to come. No! we are two devils: and having said so much, I need not add, that we are honest-er fellows than most clergymen.

AIR IV. 'Twas when the seas were roaring.

*They constantly are roaring,
From pulpits hung with green,
'Gainst swearing, drinking, whoring,
And ev'ry other sin.
Think not, ye simple hearers,
When thus to you they preach,
That parsons are practisers
Of what their sermons teach.*

Their

Their habit now is gaudy;

Like officers they swear;

Their conversation's bawdy:

To stage-plays they repair.

But if we by this nation

Were paid for living well,

We wou'd have the discretion

Our vices to conceal.

Enter Apollyo at the other end of the stage.

Ap. Ho, *Sulphureo*! ho! ho!

Sulph. Here, here.

Ap. O, your servant, *Mr Sulphureo*.

Sulph. I am indeed your servant, *Mr Apollyo*; for I have waited here about an hour for your Honour.

Ap. Why, Sir, such a croud of people from this country came upon us this morning, that *Satan* could not get away from hell till a few minutes ago. So that, good *Mr Sulphureo*, I hope you'll excuse us.

Sulph. O yes, I do. But will you, *Apollyo*, who are one of our secretaries of state, be so good as to inform me why *Satan* is of late turned so negligent of his affairs in this country. I have been his *aid-de-camp* now for some time, yet I never was in this town before: there is a great change in his behaviour to this country; for I am told, about fifty years ago he used to be very often in *Scotland*.

Ap. There he comes, ask himself.

Enter Satan.

Sat. Well, my Jads, how goes it? Have you, *Sulphureo*, ordered matters so that every thing be in readiness for my reception?

Sulph. I have, Sir. I saw the Reverend gentleman,
and

and told him that you was to be in *Edinburgh* this afternoon, and would be glad of his company ; he said he would meet you at five o'clock in Mrs *Kitchen's*.

Sat. At five, very well. And how do you like the good town of *Edinburgh, Sulphureo*?

Sulph. Good ! call you it ?

AIR V. On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove.

In ev'ry street, in ev'ry lane,

In ev'ry narrow slippery close,

Nothing but filth is to be seen ;

In all of them I stopt my nose.

And ev'ry thing about it shows,

It is a spacious little house.

'Tis not the clouds of smoke alone

Which mount, when cookmaids dinner drefs ;

But 'tis the manners of the town,

Which must oblige you to confests,

(Forgiving your Sulphureo's mirth),

Auld Reeky is a hell on earth.

Before you came up to us, I was inquiring at *Apollyo* how you came to be so indifferent about this country ; you'll pardon my presumption, in begging to know the reason of this coldness, which to me at present seems to be mal-administration.

Sat. In the days of yore, *Sulphureo*, I was almost constantly in *Scotland*, and obliged to exert all my mettle. Yet, for all that, I own the opposition here fairly got the better of me, and for a considerable time I had only a small select society that stuck by me. The ministers made conscience (as the phrase was in those days) of doing their duty ; the greatest folks lived soberly ; and indeed all ranks of people were in the most deplorable si-

tuation you can well imagine. I had very near have given them up altogether : however, I very luckily had the resolution to persevere ; a good many years ago the tables were turned, and now almost the whole nation is my most obedient humble servant. I am the more delighted with this conquest, because, of all the countries I have subdued, this made the most obstinate resistance : but now the most of its inhabitants are more ingenious in my way than I myself can pretend to be.

AIR VI. Nansey's to the green wood gane,
*So when some wild deceiving boy
 Assaults th' unspotted virgin,
 At first the lass is very coy,
 And long resists his urging,
 But after she is fairly won,
 And the foul deed is over,
 The wanton gypsy, not half done,
 Out-paramours her lover.*

Now, *Sulphureo*, I hope I have satisfied you.

Sulph. Perfectly, Sir. I see your presence here is not at all necessary.

Sat. No, it is not : and it was ceremony, not business, that brought me here just now ; for I have all the reason in the world to believe that my people will be too many for their antagonists without my assistance : but as this is the third night of the first play ever was written by a *Scotch* clergyman, I thought the least I could do was to give my countenance to such a bold attempt to serve me

AIR VII. *Sufannah.*
*Good manners would not let me frown
 On the young tragic priest :*

*My company and half a crown
Was all he did request.*

Sulph. Ap. *The youthful parson to refuse,
Sure you had not done well;
And to procure him a full house
You shou'd have empty'd hell.*

Sat. There are to be nine clergymen in the playhouse to-night. Curiosity to see people of their character in such a place, would of itself secure the poet of a good third night; but my emissaries have taken care that he shall have a full house every night his play is acted.

Sulph. I am glad to hear it. Shall I show you the way to Mrs Kitchen's?

Sat. Why, we must change our appearance in the first place. I think I will assume the dress of a country-gentleman just come from a journey; do you transfigure yourselves into my footmen. But stay, it is but a few minutes after four, we shall be too soon if we set out immediately for Mrs Kitchen's; let us climb to the top of *Arthur's Seat*, the view from it is charming.

AIR VIII. Over the hills and far away.

*Yon mountain's summit when I tread,
The prospect will transport my sight;
Unlike to Moses, who survey'd
The holy land from Pisgah's height.*

*Pensive he saw the fruitful plains,
Plains which he never was to share:
All you shall see to me pertains,
The possessors my vassals are.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

A tavern.

Enter Mask.

WH O's there? Bring some bottles of claret, and a bowl of punch immediately.

Enter Satan, Sulphureo, and Apollyo.

Sat. My dear Mr *Mask*, I rejoice to see you. How does Mrs *Mask* do, and all your good family?

Mr Mask. Pretty well, Sir, at your service.

And pray, Sir, when you came from hell, Our friends there did you leave them well?

Sat. All well. Pray sit down, Mr *Mask*. How my heart warms to my good old friend! Fill your glass, Mr *Mask*. Let us drink all our absent friends. [*They drink*]. Have you had any new books lately, Mr *Mask*?

Mr Mask. O, great variety, Sir.

Sat. I ask for them first; because I remember the committee of ways and means, which I had once established in this country, told me, that new books were commonly my very good friends.

Mr Mask. Commonly they are so. We have only one author of note; but his brain is a very good breeder.

Sat. What is the gentleman's name?

Mr Mask. Mr *Genius* is his name. He is the best writer against Christianity in *Britain*; nay, he gives very broad hints against the being of a God.

Sat. Come, drink his health.

[*They drink.*]

AIR

AIR IX. Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes.
The miser feels exquisite pleasure
In touching a precious bank-note;
But I wou'd not give for his treasure,
A leaf which an Atheist wrote.

When that's chang'd, he no doubt may bring home
Some thousands to hide in his holes;
But this will convey to my kingdom,
Ten thousand times ten thousand souls.

But hark ye, Mr *Mask*, does he deny my existence?

Mr Mask. O! laughs at it, Sir.

Sat. How very much surpris'd will he be when he goes to hell! However, I'll have his works reprinted there *typis regii*; they well deserve it.

Mr Mask. He maintains there is no difference 'twixt right and wrong but what custom has introduced.

Sat. How much am I obliged to the gentleman! Dear Sirs, drink his health again. [*They drink.*]. *Encore*, if you please. Huzza! [*They drink and huzza!*]

Mr Mask. He has broached a great number of such propositions.

Sat. I should be very glad to see him.

Mr Mask. You shall see him very soon. [*Rings.*]

Enter Moll Kitchen.

You know where Mr *Genius* is; tell him I must speak with him here. [*Exit Moll.*]

Before this philosopher arrives, I will show you another who has a great many disciples. I know he is over a bottle just now in this house. [*Rings.*]

Enter Moll.

Desire Mr *Moral Sense* to step in here for a few minutes,

nutes, and do you follow him. [*Exit.*] This fellow pretends to be the most generous disinterested man alive; though, in reality, there is not a more selfish dog on the face of the earth.

Enter Moral Sense and Moll.

Mor. Sense. O my dear gentlemen, how I love all and every one of you! I would willingly, most willingly, lay down my life, shed my heart's blood, to serve you, my dear, dear, dear Gentlemen.

Sat. Sir, we are very much obliged to you for your kindness. Will you drink a glass of wine, Sir?

Mor. Sense. O, with all my heart. I approve of good wine. Gentlemen, your healths. [*Drinks.*] This wine is very good. I have an unbounded benevolence for it. Another glass, if you please, Sir. [*Drinks.*] O, Gentlemen, if you knew how much I love you, and your wine, you would not refuse me a third. [*Drinks.*] Yet another, Sir, to drink health and happiness to all mankind. [*Drinks.*] One more.

Mask. Sir, if you will have patience for a few minutes, you shall have your bellyfull; but I beg you would drink no more, till you have given your opinion upon a point of some consequence. What do you think of a marriage 'twixt me and *Moll* there?

Mor. Sense. Hui! Hui! Hui! [*shrieks hideously,*] it shocks me; I disapprove of it. But I will lie with her myself. [*Coming up to her.*] I will lie with you, *Moll*, [*laying hold of her.*]

Sat. Hold! hold, Sir.

Mor. Sense. I will lie with her; I approve of her. The TO XALON shines in her face. I will lie with you, *Moll*. [*Endeavours to throw her, Satan interposes.*]

What

What do you mean, Sir? My instinct prompts me to lie with her.

Sat. You impertinent scoundrel, I'll teach your instinct better manners. [*Kicks him off.*] This is a very odd philosopher, Mr *Mask*.

Mask. Very odd, indeed, Sir. It is a rule of his, never to think a moment about what he either says or does.—There comes Mr *Genius*.

Enter Mr Genius.

Mr *Genius*, your servant: This, Sir, is Mr *Bevil*, a friend of mine, [*They salute*], who having read your books with great delight, was very curious to see you face to face.

Mr Gen. You have read my books then, Sir?

Sat. Yes, Sir, with great delight.

Mr Gen. Why, then, Sir, you are convinced, I suppose, that there is no God, no devil, no future state; —that there is no connection betwixt cause and effect; —that suicide is a duty we owe to ourselves; —adultery a duty we owe to our neighbour; —that the tragedy of DOUGLAS is the best play ever was written; and that *Shakespear* and *Otway* were a couple of dunces.—This, I think, is the sum and substance of my writings.

Sat. It is, Sir.

AIR X. Leadenhaugh and Yarrow:

Great Hercules, Jove's darling son,

Was forc'd alone to wander;

And monsters with his club knock down,

To glut his stepdame's anger.

Shakespear

*Shakespear and Otway, with your pen,
Unforc'd you have run thoro' ;
And therefore should be held by men,
To be the greater hero.*

Mr Gen. O, Sir, you do me too much honour. I'm sorry, Gentlemen, to leave you so soon; but I am engaged to go to the play with a party of clergymen. [*Exit.*

Sat. *Mr Mask*, I protest the play had gone out of my head. You'll accompany us to the playhouse, I suppose ?

Mask. Not I, indeed.

Sat. Why ?

Mask. Why, because your enemies will lay hold of the proceedings that are to be this night in the playhouse, and endeavour to stir up a rebellion against you. They will soon prepare overtures and libels against the author of this play, and every other minister who saw it represented. This determines me not to go. I will seem to be rather against the author of this play, and his followers; by these means, I shall gain the good graces of the opposite party, which will enable me to quash any violent measure against him.

AIR XI. O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

*The zealous fools will, if they can,
With deposition end him ;
But all our party to a man,
Will vote, Rebuke, suspend him.
Such censures will not, I believe,
His tragic genius smother ;
Suspension for one play will give
Him time to write another.*

Sat.

Sat. Thou reasonest well.

Mask. 'Tis our only way, Sir; but, *Satan*, what do you think of Mr *Genius*?

Sat. 'Faith, I don't know well what to think of him. Are you sure he is true blue on our side? I confess, I have some suspicion, that he is a shrewd fellow, endeavouring to convert men to Christianity, by writing nonsense against it.

Mask. You are quite mistaken, Sir: he is reckoned the ablest writer we have; so able, Sir, that all the good folks say, when he wrote his books, he had you at his elbow.

Sat. Really, Mr *Mask*, I think I may say without vanity, that had I assisted him, he would not have written so absurdly. I was very well pleased to hear him deny the existence of a God, and so forth; but his positions about suicide and adultery will certainly do our cause no good.

AIR XII. Hooly and fairly,

With hearing his nonsense in troth I am weary;

That nonsense will hurt me much, I can assure ye;

And make many people believe most sincerely.

Q! gin the lad wad write hooly and fairly,

Hooly and fairly, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

C

ACT

Sat.

A C T III.

A drawing-room.

Enter Mrs Presbytery, Miss Weepwell, Miss Pity, Miss Sob, Miss Blubber.

Mrs Pr. **L**ADIES, now that you have seen my son *Jacky's* play, let me have your opinions on it impartially.

Miss Weep. I believe, Madam, this company will be very unanimous in voting it to be the best play ever was written.

Mrs Pr. O, don't flatter me, Ladies.

Miss Blub. The tears, Madam, you saw shed in the playhouse, may convince you, that, without flattery, we are all of *Miss Weepwell's* opinion.

Enter Miss Sprightly.

Miss Spr. Your servant, Ladies.

Mrs Pr. My dear *Miss Sprightly!*

Miss Weep. Bless me, child, your eyes are not at all red.

Miss Spr. What should make them so?

Miss Weep. Weeping.

Miss Spr. For what?

Miss Weep. Was not you at the play?

Miss Spr. Yes, I was.

Miss Weep. Have you not then been crying for these three hours?

Miss Spr. Not I.

Miss Weep. Cruel creature!

Miss

Miss Spr. Why cruel, pray?

Miss Weep. Not to weep for DOUGLAS.

Miss Spr. What should make me weep for him?

Miss Weep. Not to weep for such a hero!

Miss Spr. What makes you dub him a hero, in all the world?

Miss Weep. Did not he kill the chief robber?

Miss Spr. And does that make him a hero?

AIR XIII.

Had DOUGLAS liv'd on English ground,

Where highwaymen, you know, abound;

And there, by the good-will of Fate,

Some noted robber's brains out beat;

A warrior's fame,

Or hero's name,

He in that country ne'er had found.

The sturdy lad

Wou'd just have had

A premium of neat forty pound.

Miss Weep. You may carp as much as you will, Miss, at some particular places of the play; but you will own, no doubt, that, upon the whole, it is the best play ever was written.

Miss Spr. Will I so?

Miss Weep. Pray, who has written a better?

Miss Spr. *Shakespear, Otway*——

Miss Weep. Hold! the very naming of these two fellows is enough to make one sick. Sure, child, you have not red Mr *Genius's* dedication.

Miss Spr. AIR XIV. Clout the caldron.

In lapdogs, laces, hoops, stays, fans,

And all your other tackle,

Howe'er capricious you may be,

I care not, or how fickle :

But yet, for all great Genius says,

I really can't help wishing,

That Shakespear, Otway, and their plays,

May ne'er go out of fashion.

Fa adrie didle didle, &c.

Miss Weep. *Miss Sprightly*, I am not a little surprised to hear you talk at this rate. Sure neither you nor I can pretend to be such good judges as *Mr Jacky* and *Mr Genius* ; and you know very well, what contempt they have for *Shakespear* and *Otway*.

Miss Spr. *Jacky* and *Genius*, very pretty fellows truly !

AIR XV. Gill Morris.

By the remains of Scottish youth,

Who taste untainted boast,

Let all the paltry works of both

To raging flames be tost.

This holocaust alone can sooth

Great Shakespear's injur'd ghost.

Enter Mr Genius.

Miss Weep. You are come in good time, Sir. We have had a stout battle with *Miss Sprightly* about the tragedy of DOUGLAS. She has been running it down very warmly.

Mr Gen. I am sorry to hear it : for still her lips must be rubies, and her voice melody, though both be employed against the best play ever was written.

Mrs

Mrs Pr. [*aside.*] So, so: this young *Jackanapes* will not only rob the son of his glory, but the mother of her gallant.

Enter Mr Jacky.

Miss Weep. O, Mr *Jacky*, your servant. I give you joy, Sir. [*They all advance, and salute him.*] I give you joy, Sir, that your tragedy has met with that success which the best play ever was written deserves. You, Sir, possess the true theatric genius of *Shakespear* —

Miss Sob. And *Otway* —

Miss Pity. Refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one —

Miss Blub. And licentiousness of the other.

Jacky. O Ladies! nay, dear Ladies!

Mrs Pr. AIR XVI. Black Jock.

*Dear Sir, and dear Ladies, my Jacky is young,
And bashfulness hinders the thanks of his tongue,*

For filling his pockets with half-crowns so white.

He's sensible 'twas not the musical lasses,

Who dance, sing, and play on the top of Parnassus,

But you who got him the half-crowns so white.

To thee, noble Genius, the knee he shou'd bow;

More than to Apollo to thee does he owe:

Shakespear scoffing,

Douglas puffing,

You screw'd mens opinions to such a great height,

That they filled his pockets with half-crowns so white.

Jacky. Dear mother, you have very handsomely expressed my gratitude, which a foolish bashfulness would not allow me to do. In return, I must insist on your giving to Mr *Genius* your hand; which a bashfulness, still more foolish than mine, will not, I hope, make you refuse.

refuse. I know you love one another; your marriage to-night will consummate my happiness.

Mrs Pr. There, Sir, is my hand; you long have had my heart.

Mr Gen. Madam, I am so very sensible of the honour you do me, that I here vow and swear never more to write essays, discourses, histories, dissertations; but to make your entertainment the sole study of my life.

AIR XVII. Logan water.

*Two hundred years tho' you be old,
And tho' your youthful bloom be fled,
Yet fear not, dearest, I'll prove cold,
Or loiter when we are in bed.*

Mrs Pr. *Two hundred years tho' I be old,
And tho' my youthful bloom be fled,
Yet fear not, dearest, I'll prove cold;
I'll be but twenty when in bed.*

Miss Weep. This is the only farce I could have endured to see after the tragedy of DOUGLAS. Let us have fiddles, and a dance.

[They dance. Satan, Sulphureo, and Apollyo enter in their true shape, and offer to dance along with them; but they all run off.]

Sat. Ay, why in such a hurry? The devil will not give himself the trouble to take the hindmost, I assure ye; for he is pretty certain to meet with all of you time and place more convenient. Well, my lads, how did you like DOUGLAS?

Sulph. It is a very moving tragedy, Sir; the tears are in my eyes yet. *[Wiping his eyes.]*

Ap. And in mine too.

Sat.

Sat. I agree with Mr *Genius*, in thinking it the best play ever was written. I could descant upon it all night; but we had better keep our observations for *Mask*, who will by this time be longing much for us, and more for his supper. Let us to Mrs *Kitchen's*, and be merry.

AIR XVIII. Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.

Jolly devils, drink I charge ye,

Pass in sport the time away;

Bumpers swill to all the clergy,

Who or write or see a play.

Now I wou'd not give three guilders,

For the superstitious fry;

You shall all be ruling elders,

And the moderator I.

F I N I S.